

“How’s The Big Easy?”

Streetcars don’t run as fast as they used to, seats now empty as the streets. French Quarter is a vacant nest—less waste clutters the floor. CVS drive-throughs are filled with cars. Swabbing and pricking has become mortal fate. Prevention or recuperation, and it’s only Tuesday. // Rest my head in the lower 9. // Wake up. // Weekends vanish or morph into weekdays. // Wine drunk won’t feel the same by Wednesday.

Six feet apart is mandatory unless you are spooning. // Parties no longer indoors, cha-cha sliding in a virtual chat room. // Hurricanes still running rampant, insisting their way to the door. Lights out. Mid-City. Gentilly. Sleep is dark and frigid. Faces masked during daylight be shivering chins trembling under covers late at night.